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THE

POLITICAL SQUABBLE;

OR, A

Scramble for the Loaves and Fiſhes.

A

POETICAL ESSAY:

(PARTLY IN HUDIBRASTIC VERSE,)

Adapted to the Public Characters of our STATESMEN in general,

From the Demiſe of his late Majeſty to the preſent Date.

ADDRESSED TO ALL PARTIES,

AND DEDICATED TO

The Right Hon. the MARQUIS of CARMARTHEN.

By NICHOLAS NEITHERSIDE, Gent.

" For Forms of Government let Fools conteſt;
" Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt."

POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.

LONDON,

PRINTED FOR J. BARKER, RUSSELL-COURT, DRURY-LANE; AND J. FIELDING, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

15 59 OCT

TO

The Right Hon. FRANCIS GODOLPHIN OSBORNE,

MARQUIS OF CARMARTHEN, LORD OSBORNE OF KIVETON IN YORKSHIRE, *&c. &c.*

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UNCORRUPT IN PRINCIPLE;

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AND,

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THE

POLITICAL SQUABBLE;

OR, A

Scramble for the Loaves and Fiſhes.

IN Britain's Realm, where Freedom reigns,
And Charter gen'ral Right maintains;
Where all are ſubject to Controul,
And Form commix'd pervades the whole;
A Government on ſtable Baſe,
Which Schemes nor ſap, nor Plots can raze;
Compos'd of Prince, of Peers, and Commons,
Amenable to equal Summons;
No wonder that, as Quack Phyſicians,
Start up our Pſeudo-Politicians:
As mortals all are lur'd by Pelf,
And View in ultimate is Self;

Whether we ſoar in higher Sphere,
Or Rank of Life bring up the Rear;
Hence long the Hue and Cry are giv'n
Within the Walls of Holy Stephen;
With Venom fraught, the envious Outs
The Ins have worried with their Scouts;
An hapleſs Pack their Fate bemoan,
To quit a Subſtance for a Bone;
And tantalize on diſtant Diſhes,
Nor realize the Loaves and Fiſhes;
While others ſhare luxurious Spoil,
The Produce of a long Turmoil
In Logic War, by Rant and Roar,
To prove Poſitions ſtamp'd before;
That Properties to Things belong,
That Right is Right, and Wrong is Wrong.
Stupendous Taſk! while Paſſion ſways,
Impels the Judgment diff'rent Ways,
Which warp'd from Truth, thro' Bias' lack,
Maintains that ſnowy white is black,
And vice verſa, in deſpite,
Affirms that jetty black is white.

Though grave Divines eſtabliſh Rules
Conformable to Ethic Schools;
And draw from moral Scale moſt nice
The Line of Virtue and of Vice;
Point out the Path that cannot miſs
To lead the Paſſenger to bliſs;
Yet Church Empirics will prefer
Their Whims fanatic, and aver
Their Title ſole to pray and preach,
And Truth infallible to teach;
Inverting thus on vague Pretence
The Law of Order and of Senſe.

No leſs that Law State Quacks invert,
Nor leſs their Right uſurp'd pervert.
In Politics what Schemes complex
At once to puzzle and perplex!
In State Debates, what ſtrange Confuſion!
Of empty Sound, what vaſt Profuſion!
What Pomp of Words and vain parade,
To puff a Fiction, Facts evade!
At length, to cloſe the Raree-Shew,
The Conteſt turns on—Aye or No!

Nor Words avail from firſt to laſt,
For Numbers fix the Motion paſs'd.

Peruſe the fair hiſtoric Page,
As handed down from Age to Age;
Survey the Annals of our World,
By Time develop'd and unfurl'd.
What's the Reſult of all the Trouble?
That Politics an arrant Bubble.
Where Pride, Ambition, Av'rice reign,
Nor Virtue ſways, nor Laws reſtrain,
Where Paſſion captive leads the Mind,
Ennervate Reaſon halts behind;
It's Pow'rs ſuſpended leave the Man,
By narrow Maxim Things to ſcan;
Remote from Truth our Judgments err,
We barter Conſcience for a Star,
A gaudy Ribbon over-prize,
Nor ſeek that Fame which never dies;
In maſſy Ore delight to roll,
Nay, for the Body damn the Soul.

Hence vile Oppreſſion ſtalks abroad,
And Cruelty unſheaths the Sword;
Hence Devaſtation, Rapine ſpring,
And King inſatiate preys on King;
Hence Battles, Murders, 'ere prevail,
And all Pandora's Ills entail.

If ſuch the leading Springs of Action,
(As Record ſtates without Detraction,)
The Reaſon's plain of all the Squabble,
From courtly Peer to Dunghill Rabble.
The Motive one, and one the View,
The Garb aſſumes a diff'rent Hue;
The Variation's but a Word,
As Tom the Tinker, or my Lord;
My Lord depriv'd of all his Trappings,
Diveſted of his ſumptuous Wrappings,
A Son of Adam ſtands confeſs'd;
The ſame ſtands Tom, allow'd, profeſs'd.
Then what's the Inf'rence on this Plan?—
'Tis Virtue, Virtue makes the Man;
And Greatneſs centers, on the whole,
In true Nobility of Soul.

'Tis evident from Nature's Laws,
Effect the ſame, the ſame the Cauſe;
So Action's Merit muſt depend
On Action's Motive to the End.
The Standard this by which we try,
And human Character deſcry;
Explore the Stateſman's Claim to Praiſe,
His Name to execrate or raiſe;
Expound the Cauſe of Noiſe and Pother
In Senate Houſe 'twixt this and t'other;
Why Time produces mighty Change,
And Things appear novel and ſtrange;
Why Men for Court, for Country bawl,
Wherefore they talk, and wherefore ſcrawl;
Why fetch and carry, crouch and bend,
To what their Words and Actions tend;
In fine, demonſtrate all their Aim,
On which alone to reſt their Fame.

To Candour ſtill the Muſe inclin'd,
By narrow Maxims unconfin'd,
Admits that Hampdens yet may ſpring,
Staunch to their Country and their King;

That future Chathams yet may riſe
Too waft Britannia to the Skies;
That Pitt, thro' Feats atchiev'd and done,
May live recogniz'd in a Son;
That upright Camden may inſpire
An hallow'd Zeal and gen'rous Fire
For Charta's Laws, and ſacred Truth,
Amongſt our riſing, noble Youth;
That this our Iſle yet ſtill may reign
In Peace and Plenty, bleſs'd Domain.

But gen'ral View o'erſpreads a Gloom,
And Apprehenſions dully roam
Thro' Fancy's Region, leſt Corruption
Throught her Weal ſhould cauſe Irruption;
And ſow the baneful Seeds of Strife,
At Hazard of Britannia's Life;
Leſt ſordid Chiefs ſubvert her Laws,
Or Bunglers marr her deareſt Cauſe;
Leſt Av'rice on her Vitals prey,
And thence enſue a dire Decay;

Leſt Juntos overturn her State,
And Patriots mourn her Fall too late.
Sure Retroſpect (without Preamble)
Points out the univerſal Scramble;
Of great and ſmall compos'd the Rabble
Alike maintain the gen'ral Squabble.
How ſpecious 'ere pretence appears,
'Tis Int'reſt ever domineers;
And Time of old this Truth hath taught;
That ev'ry Mortal's to be bought;
Each Adjutant of Court his Price
Will fix for Action or Device;
The ſubtle Premier lays the Bait,
And hooks the Gudgeon of the State;
'Tis thus he carries Points, refutes
Snarling Opponents, raiſes Mutes.

Once to eſcape Politic Thraldom,
The Hook was baited with an Earldom;
The Patriot's Mouth ſo ſudden clos'd,
My Lord in titled Eaſe repos'd.

His Fancy glutted, then he ſnoar'd,
(Poor Man, how loudly once he roar'd!)
Nay, to avert his Country's Ruin,
He e'en became a very Bruin;
No ſooner he eſpied the Prey,
Than all his Furor dy'd away.
Bruin ſubſides, now meek and tame,
An harmleſs, inoffenſive Lamb;
Serenely ſpends remaining Life,
Remote from Squabble and from Strife.
No more he frets, harangues, and ſcrawls,
But ſports with five enchanting Balls;
The Pſeudo-Patriot trapp'd in Net,
Now claſps his Toy a Coronet;
O! (ſhameful Truth, thus to unfurl,)
P——y degraded to an Earl.
If Men for Titles poſt or amble,
'Tis all a Squabble, all a Scramble;
Some graſp at Honours, ſome at Pelf;
But what's the Spring of Action?—Self.
Find out the Man without his Paſſion;
Virtue's admitted all the Faſhion:

Fail but in Search; then what's the Vogue?
Duplicity. The Man?—A Rogue.
As old Diogenes explor'd,
And long Experience doth accord;
For, ſpite of plauſible Parade,
And all the Arts which Fact evade;
Each Breaſt it's Idol hath within,
Each Mortal frail his darling Sin;
And, (truce to all our boaſted Pride,)
Each one his Hobby fain would ride;
Mount to the Saddle Step by Step,
And ev'ry Obſtacle o'erleap;
Of Cauſes heedleſs good or evil,
Then gallop headlong to the Devil.

Moſt ſignal then of Time's Volutions,
Are thoſe of States and Conſtitutions,
Dependent merely on Caprice,
To Pride ſubjected, Avarice,
And all the Ills of wild Ambition,
As Murmur, Faction, and Sedition;

Thus beſt of Forms moſt baneful prove,
Adminiſter'd devoid of Love
To King and Country, which alone
Protects the Subject and the Throne,
Cements in Union triple State,
Nor rent by Diſcord, mov'd by Fate.

When good old George on Life's Decline,
(As if thro' Tutelage divine,)
Triumphant roſe o'er proud Bourbon,
And in unrival'd Glory ſhone;
When Britain might be ſaid to reign
O'er haughty Gallia, vanquiſh'd Spain;
To Nations give commanding Laws;
(A Theme of Wonder and Applauſe,)
The Indias Eaſt and Weſt ſubmit
To Britain's Councils led by Pitt;
Then Oppoſition ſilent hung,
And Union echo'd from each Tongue;
Subſided Envy ceas'd to rail,
Nor aught reſounded but, " All hail,
" Victorious Iſle! with Heroes bleſs'd,
" Of Stateſmen uncorrupt poſſeſs'd;

" In Plan ſagacious, brave in Arms,
" Fearleſs of Wiles, or War's Alarms;
" To ſuch we deathleſs Wreaths entwine
" For Feats atchiev'd in fifty-nine;
" Tranſmitting thus to endleſs Fame,
" Britannia's Glory with her Name."

Thus clos'd his Reign, a Patriot King,
And thus aroſe in verdant Spring
Of blooming Life, his young Succeſſor
To fill the Throne of Predeceſſor.
Replete with Honours, big with Fame,
The Prince and People were the ſame,
Ne'er did Applauſes higher riſe,
His Praiſes rent the vaulted Skies;
The gen'ral Sound, " Congratulation,
" A Britiſh King o'er Britiſh Nation!"
Great Patron of the lib'ral Arts,
Enthron'd in all his Subjects Hearts;
Abroad as envy'd, ſo rever'd,
Admir'd by all, by many fear'd.

He ſway'd a Sceptre, wore a crown,
Fraught with pre-eminent Renown;
With Foot upon his trampl'd Foes,
O'er all victorious he aroſe.

Now dire Hoſtilities ſurceaſe,
And Bourbon ſues for tranquil Peace,
But (ſad to ſay!) that Fiend call'd Faction,
And Pow'rs fell Dæmon rais'd Diſtraction
'Midſt Britain's Councils, which divided,
Were jarr'd, perplex'd, and ſo miſguided.
A flaming Firebrand from the North,
Long cloud-conceal'd, then ſally'd forth,
And ſet St. J——s's in a Blaze:
(For ſtrange combuſtion did it raiſe)
In troth, now Sawney op'd his Wiſhes,
To put in claim to Loaves and Fiſhes;
His inclination did profeſs
To have a Finger in the Meſs,
And (Joke apart and wanton Raillery)
To taſte State Soup and grateful Celery;
Nor ſuffer any ſouthern Dowdy
Dainties to gorge, while he on Crowdy,

Poor ſapleſs Portion doom'd to pine,
(Gainſt Law both human and divine)
Should linger Life in ſad deſpair
Of mounting to exalted Sphere;
Deteſted be the Thought, (quoth he)
O, execrable Infamy!
The Time is now moſt opportune,
I'll wreak my Vengeance ſore and ſoon.
Then by manœuvres foul and ſcurvy,
He turns ſtate Fabric topſy turvy;
Inverts the Order of the Weal,
His Mandate gives without Appeal;
(For 'tis a Maxim prov'd and certain,
He's Actor chief behind the Curtain,)
And packs a Junto, Man by Man—
To execute a purpos'd Plan;
The former Pilots quit the Helm;
He's Gubernator of the Realm.
The Seaſon now moſt apropos,
To patch up Peace with humbl'd Foe:
And Project fruitleſs heretofore,
Might now ſucceed thro' Louis d'or.

To Continent his Grace then ſcampers,
As Fame reports, with Monſieur tampers,
With nice Senſation feels his Pulſe,
The Fibres beat without revulſe;
The Delegates with one accord
Pledge mutual Faith on mutual Word;
And as the Fruit of this Convention,
'Twas thought it anſwer'd the Intention,
And brought ſuch Loaves and Shoals of Fiſhes
As gratify'd moſt ſanguine Wiſhes.
The Corm'rants gorg'd, the Outs derided,
Who, (Fools) in Rectitude confided,
Th' Idea ſpurn'd of honeſt Man;
What's Office' Sweet?—The Sop in Pan.
'Tis Perquiſite the Placeman lures
For which he ev'ry View abjures.
'Tis Perquiſite creates the Squabble,
Between the Grandees and the Rabble.
'Tis Pelf for which all Mortals war,
At home, abroad, both near and far.
Next, this Leviathan of Pow'r,
(O! rueful Day, ill-fated Hour!)

To introduce deſpotic Sway
And baniſh Liberty away
From Britain's Iſle, expells her Friends
The Council Board, and thither ſends
His Creatures pliant at a Nod
To exerciſe tyrannic Rod;
And ſcourge the timid into Awe,
In ſpite of Freedom's ſacred Law.
A Crew imported from the Tweed,
Old England's Sons now ſuperſede.
And fill departments of the State,
Both high and low, both ſmall and great;
Her ſtaunch Adherents leave in Loo,
Engroſs the Army, Navy too;
With greedy ken their Prize ſurvey,
And ſavage on their Country prey.
One gen'ral Maxim they profeſs,
Excluding others from the Meſs;
Who ought accounting as a Sin,
Diſdain to wade thro' thick and thin,
Or Treaſure waſte, or Blood to ſpill,
Deſire to glut and Pocket fill;

To which they give aſſenting Nod,
This is their Creed, and this their God.

But ſuch Monopoly of Pow'r,
Such Glee inſatiate to devour
The Loaves and Fiſhes of the State,
And Britain's Sons to ſubjugate,
Their Spirit could not fail to rouſe
This Uſurpation to oppoſe.
Hence ſprang Addreſs, Expoſtulation,
From ev'ry Quarter of the Nation;
And hence Contentions warm aroſe
In upper and in lower Houſe:
By Print fantaſtic, poignant Speech,
The Patriots ſtung, this baneful Leech,
Which ſharpen'd by the public Voice,
Retirement becomes his Choice;
Again he ſkulks behind the Scene,
To glut Revenge, and vent his Spleen.
Of Meaſures indefenſible
An Advocate oſtenſible

With delegated Pow'r ſprings.
To put a ſpecious Gloſs on Things.
With marbl'd Heart, and Braſs in Front
His rude Opponents to confront,
Who dare preſume to urge Diſſuaſive
From Non-reſiſt, Obedience paſſive;
And cite from Magna Charta Laws
The Bulwarks of their Country's Cauſe,
The which to ſave from dire Perdition,
A baneful Clan nicknam'd Sedition,
And to avert a ſtate Diſtraction,
Was branded as inſidious Faction.

At length to fix the galling Yoke,
And fundamental Laws revoke,
Corruption ruſhes in a Torrent
With all its Swarms of Plagues abhorrent:
In fine, the Story to unfold,
The deareſt Rights are bought and ſold
At common Mart, where (things inverted)
Falſhood prevails and Truth's perverted.

Majorities are purchas'd dear
To expedite the fell Career.
Conviction's drawn from Inference
To add to Sway a Deference.
Libels adduc'd to ſtifle Fact
And worthy Characters detract;
Elective Freedom's violated,
And Men reject in Senate ſeated;
While thoſe by public Voice elected
Thro' baleful Influence are rejected.

A Junto thus completely form'd,
The grand Palladium is ſtorm'd.
To pave the Way for Pow'r deſpotic
The Plan is laid in Clime exotic;
For, not content, theſe Sons of Thunder
At home to rob, abroad muſt plunder;
'Till hardy Indians ſpurn the Yoke,
And dare preſumptive Claim revoke:
Dire the Effects of ſuch Reſolve
Which Ties cemented thus diſſolve;
Produce a gen'ral Deſolation,
The Bane of each reſpective Nation,

Confirm'd thro' tedious Years of War,
While Fathers, Sons, each other ſear.
But all unheeded by thoſe Elves
Whoſe Views are center'd in themſelves;
A Swarm of Hornets call'd Contractors,
Placemen, Penſioners, and Factors,
Their Aim to drain the public Purſe,
Nor anxious they for better, worſe.

Thus Seaſon on from Seaſon roll'd,
As Britain's Annals will unfold;
Thus ineffective each Campaign
While Indians ſtill their Cauſe maintain;
'Till ſubtle France, that ancient Foe,
Avails her of the gen'ral Woe;
And ſetting Britain at Defiance,
Forms with her Colonies Alliance;
Then to alarm moſt anxious Fears,
Brings o'er the Spaniards and Mynheers.
Stupendous Effort thus we find
In War to wage with Hoſts combin'd.

Yet ſtill unmov'd the Helmsmen ſtand,
True to the Teſt go Hand in Hand;
Without diſmay, apparent Fear,
They ope the Budget year and year;
And careleſs who abroad may roam,
While they make Prizes here at home;
While they can ſhare the Loaves and Fiſhes,
And ſerve them up on golden Diſhes;
For this their only View and Aim,
Of Conſcience heedleſs as of Fame.

Long thus theſe Epicures had doz'd,
In Eaſe luxurious thus repos'd;
And revel'd on their Country's Spoil,
Midſt threat'ning Danger, War's Turmoil;
Till apprehenſive of a Cloud
Burſting with Vengeance juſt and loud;
They quit the Helm, perforce retire,
As ſcorch'd by Oppoſition's Fire,
In either Houſe, where overpow'rd,
From Seat of Government they ſcour'd;

And now devoid of Fear and Dread,
(Or lying ſhorter by the Head,)
Secure they toy and jeſt, and laugh,
And full at eaſe, carouze and quaff.
For future Day they've laid in ſtore;
And leave to ſuch, (who, Outs before,)
Thoſe Cares attendant on the Helm;
As Ins, to ſteer a much-toſs'd Realm
To Peace's Haven; and repair
The Ravage of a tedious War.

The Nations Hope ſecurely place
On Wentworth, (long illuſtrious Race)
To reſcue Britain from Diſgrace;
Retrieve her Honour, and reſtore
Renown acquir'd long heretofore.
Till Rockingham, but ſcarce elate,
When, ſnatch'd by an untimely Fate
Expires the Patriot, tho' his Name
Will live in Record's deathleſs Fame.
This dire Occurrence gave a Scope
To wild Ambition's tow'ring Hope

Of mounting to the vacant Seat
With Honours, Profits ſo replete:
'Tis ſaid a Conteſt did appear
Betwixt a Commoner and Peer,
Concerning a much-wiſh'd Succeſſion,
Of which the Peer obtain'd Poſſeſſion;
By pliant Mien and Janus Face
Th' Opponent ouſted, won the Race,
So ſeiz'd th' alluring Money-Box,
And jockey'd thus the knowing Fox,
Who then indignantly retir'd,
With Rage and Diſappointment fir'd;
And, (as the Fable 'ere will teach)
Now damn'd the Grapes he could not reach.
With him ſeceded from the Row
Of Stateſmen, modern Cicero;
The Thunder of his Words to hurl
With Force impetuous at the Earl;
But all in vain, conjunctive Spleen,
Or poignant Wit, or Satire keen;
His Lordſhip ſtands united Shocks,
And Oppoſition's Effort mocks.

Still Parties rage both loud and wide
And public Councils ſtill divide;
Still, tho' our Int'reſts now demand
Conjunctive Aid from ev'ry Hand,
Yet Faction rears her Hydra Heads,
The Wheel of Government impedes.
In Senate rang'd each Party ſtands;
And Audit ſeveral each demands;
With Voice united all to prove
That gov'rning Principle, SELF-LOVE.

The Miniſter now leads the Van;
To hold their Places—that's their Plan.
The Friends too of a late Premier
In League cemented next appear,
To ward off ev'ry threat'ning Stroke
That certain Actions might provoke.
And laſt the Remnants of a Train
Led on by Reynard, led in vain.
O! for a fourth; but where to find
The People's Friends!—that Taſk's behind.
Now to amuſe a worn-out Nation,
Fame trumpets forth Pacification;

Couriers diſpatch'd from Court to Court
On Embaſſy of vaſt Import;
Opinion halts 'twixt each extreme
Of Peace and War, the common Theme.
While Secretaries, Jews, and Robbers,
Panders, Pimps, and Alley-Jobbers
Avail them of the Hue and Cry,
And Truth and Honeſty defy,
So they for Rumour pave Reception
And gull the cred'lous thro' Deception.

At length, amidſt the buſtling Routs
Of Court and City, Ins and Outs;
And all the Noiſe, the Puff and Pother
Of Gamblers baffling one another;
The Secret known removes the Cauſe,
And lo! enſues a gen'ral Pauſe:
Fatal Event of Councils dire,
Which ſevers thus a vaſt Empire
From Britain's Claim; reflects Diſgrace
That Time's Revolve can ne'er efface,

And blots the fair hiſtoric Page,
Memento ſad from age to age,
While hideous Faction ſtalks abroad,
While ſome condemn, and ſome applaud;
While Quibblers *hold* in Senate ſeat,
And Orators the Cauſe defeat;
While venal Inſtruments prevail;
Our Country's Int'reſts ever fail.

May Britain's Stateſmen once inherit
That ſhining Virtue public Spirit.
May thoſe who ſeek the Patriot's Fame,
Approve their Title to the Name;
True to their King, their Country juſt,
Worthy of Faith and gen'ral Truſt:
If ſuch their Views, and ſuch their Wiſhes
They well deſerve the Loaves and Fiſhes.

FINIS.